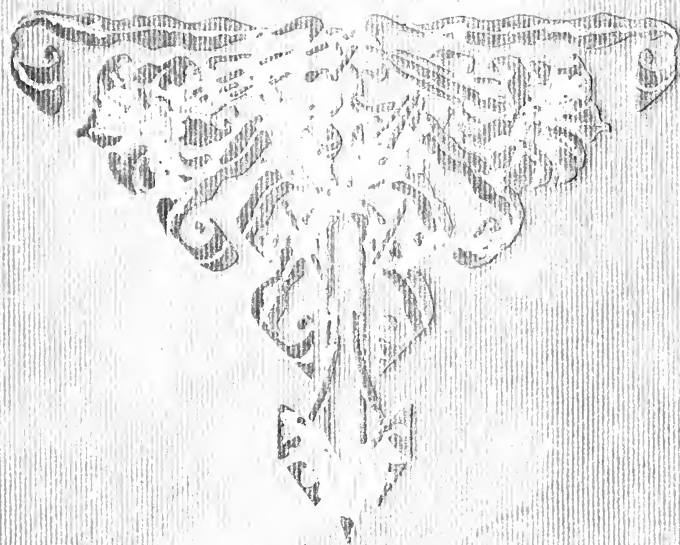


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From Day to Day
with Jennysou





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**FROM DAY TO DAY
WITH TENNYSON**



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Tennyson, 1842

From Day to Day With Tennyson

COMPILED BY
LEROY H. WESTLEY

NEW YORK
BARSE & HOPKINS
PUBLISHERS

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Recd. A.M. 25 Apr. 29.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON

JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

In Memoriam.

JANUARY SECOND

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

The Golden Year.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY THIRD

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

In Memoriam.

JANUARY FOURTH

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

"Love Thou Thy Land."

JANUARY FIFTH

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change.

Locksley Hall.

JANUARY SIXTH

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

"Love Thou Thy Land."

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY SEVENTH

Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Maud.

JANUARY EIGHTH

Will some one say, then why not ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My work shall answer, since I knew the right
And did it; for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man.

Love and Duty.

JANUARY NINTH

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

*Ode on the Death of
The Duke of Wellington.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY TENTH

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace?
 we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is
 not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it
 better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on
 his own hearthstone?

Maud.

JANUARY ELEVENTH

It becomes no man to nurse despair,
But, in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms,
To follow up the worthiest till he die.

The Princess.

JANUARY TWELFTH

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random
 mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffed, citadel-crown'd.

Will.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

Locksley Hall.

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Ulysses.

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd;
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite and
slander die.

The Princess.

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-
stars.

The Lotos-Eaters.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."
In Memoriam.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.
In Memoriam.

JANUARY NINETEENTH

The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to
fruit
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.
Love and Duty.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.
The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

In Memoriam.

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
If old things, there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raff's be rife in prose and rhyme,
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

Will Waterproof's Monologue.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

*Ode on the Death of
The Duke of Wellington.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

What is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

The May Queen.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change:

All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

Οἱ ρέοντες.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

O lift your natures up:
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom.
The Princess.

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

In Memoriam.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Morte d'Arthur.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JANUARY THIRTIETH

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud ;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and
cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
Enid.

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or
frown ;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man and master of his fate.
Enid.

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

St. Agnes' Eve.

FEBRUARY SECOND

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

To—— (The Palace of Art).

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY THIRD

Love, . . . must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.

Mariana in the South.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd
in music out of sight.

Locksley Hall.

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY SIXTH

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.
In Memoriam.

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles: but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?
Early Poems.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

I would I were an armèd knight,
Far famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of newly-wreathed emprise;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Kate.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY NINTH

“Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise.”

The Gardener's Daughter.

FEBRUARY TENTH

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite, quite sure
That there is one to love me.

Maud.

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

All precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.

The Day-Dream.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou
wert mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through bitter
brine.

Sonnets.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

In Memoriam.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Vivien.

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by
My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy
thoughts
Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,
If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten.,

Love and Duty.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.

Even so.

The Miller's Daughter.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music.

The Princess.

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth.

Lady Clare.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

True love interprets right alone.

The Miller's Daughter.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

I spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;
And in that time and place she answered me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering, "I am thine."

The Gardener's Daughter.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one
goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

The Princess.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

*Ode on the Death of
The Duke of Wellington.*

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.

The Princess.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?
O three times less unworthy! likewise thou
Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy
years.

Love and Duty.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they
sting.

Elaine.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

We fell out, my wife and I,
And kiss'd again with tears:
And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

The Princess.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

God bless thee, dear . . .
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no word can find.

The Miller's Daughter.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

What time the mighty moon was gathering
light

Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes.
When, turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
"You must begone," said Death, "these walks
are mine."

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for
flight;

Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever over all."

Love and Death.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH

MARCH FIRST

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Morte d'Arthur.

MARCH SECOND

Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

Nothing Will Die.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH THIRD

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

A Dream of Fair Women.

MARCH FOURTH

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

Maud.

MARCH FIFTH

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

In Memoriam.

MARCH SIXTH

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?

I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat; but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The "How" and the "Why."

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH SEVENTH

“A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West;
They leave the heights and are troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest.

“The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they—they feel the desire of the deep—
Fall, and follow their doom.”

The Voice and the Peak.

MARCH EIGHTH

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.

In Memoriam.

MARCH NINTH

Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag: but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

The Golden Year.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH TENTH

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at
the ill ;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with
my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom
assign'd.

Maud.

MARCH ELEVENTH

Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be?

Supposed Confessions.

MARCH TWELFTH

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH THIRTEENTH

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be.

In Memoriam.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

Others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.
“*Love Thou Thy Land.*”

MARCH SIXTEENTH

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods.
Ulysses.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

Guinevere.

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reap-
ing something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall.

MARCH NINETEENTH

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

"Love Thou Thy Land."

MARCH TWENTIETH

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers and he
bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of his rest.

Locksley Hall.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?

Morte d'Arthur.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for,) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Ænone.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Ulysses.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,

Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

Ode to Memory.

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Who can say
Why To-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?

Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

Song.

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Mine be the Power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the great gulfstream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

Sonnet.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and, turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.

The Lotos-Eaters.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and
right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

The Gardener's Daughter.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

The Vision of Sin.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MARCH THIRTIETH

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
Maud.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid
by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God
will bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world
is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if
a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or
with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made
it will guide.
Maud.



APRIL

APRIL FIRST

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
In Memoriam.

APRIL SECOND

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL THIRD

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

Amphion.

APRIL FOURTH

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

In Memoriam.

APRIL FIFTH

"Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to
love."

True: Love, tho' Love were of the grossest,
carves

A portion from the solid present, eats
And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame,
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us;
And what is Fame in life but half-disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness?

Vivien.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL SIXTH

I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone.

Ulysses.

APRIL SEVENTH

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That, in a boundless universe,
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Two Voices.

APRIL EIGHTH

Take warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

The Blackbird.

APRIL NINTH

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

A Dream of Fair Women.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL TENTH

“Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you
they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what
they have?”

The Gardener's Daughter.

APRIL ELEVENTH

We pass: the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

In Memoriam.

APRIL TWELFTH

Might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great
deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?

The Princess.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL THIRTEENTH

I wonder'd, while I paced along:
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought.
The Two Voices.

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Thy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
Madeline.

APRIL FIFTEENTH

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said,
"Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made."
The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL SIXTEENTH

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
In Memoriam.

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams.
Sir Galahad.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light,
For ever blessing those that look on them.
The Princess.

APRIL NINETEENTH

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear
the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the
fullness of the Spring.
Locksley Hall.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL TWENTIETH

Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they
say.

Kind nature is the best: those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.
Walking to the Mail.

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
“Flower in the Crannied Wall.”

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro’ the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

What delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps?
In Memoriam.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? Let thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremembered, and thy love
Enlighten me.

Supposed Confessions.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded
lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore
cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bounti-
ful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of
a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent
of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of
the land?

Maud.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

But any man that walks the mead
In bud or blade, or bloom may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
The Day Dream.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.
In Memoriam.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest.
Locksley Hall.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love.
Locksley Hall.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



APRIL THIRTIETH

Yea too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Maud.

"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY

MAY FIRST

All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward: but all else of Heaven was
pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel.

The Gardener's Daughter.

MAY SECOND

The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.

Enid.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY THIRD

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

The Two Voices.

MAY FOURTH

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more.

Locksley Hall.

MAY FIFTH

Ah! yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

MAY SIXTH

His work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY SEVENTH

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

In Memoriam.

MAY EIGHTH

Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing

Over the sky.

One after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is
beating

Full merrily.

All Things Will Die.

MAY NINTH

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower,

Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

Circumstance.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY TENTH

All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades

For ever and for ever when I move.

Ulysses.

MAY ELEVENTH

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:
And that drags down his life.

Sea Dreams.

MAY TWELFTH

Whither away, whither away, whither away?
fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field, and
the happy blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls

From wandering over the lea:

Out of the live-green heart of the dells

They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,

And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.

The Sea Fairies.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY THIRTEENTH

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.

Ulysses.

MAY FOURTEENTH

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it
ours.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

MAY FIFTEENTH

Thine island loves thee well.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

MAY SIXTEENTH

The past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY SEVENTEENTH

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

In Memoriam.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

All things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal rights and
rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden: let the past be past.

The Princess.

MAY NINETEENTH

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

Isabel.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY TWENTIETH

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The Princess.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good.

To the Queen.

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propped on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows,
For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining through.
Oh! wherefore do we grow awry—
From roots which strike so deep?

Supposed Confessions.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY TWENTY-THIRD

If you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Enoch Arden.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

Fair year, with brows of royal love
Thou comest, as a king.
All in the bloomèd May.
Thy golden largess fling,
And longer hear us sing;
Though thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
Alas! that eyes so full of light
Should be so wandering!

Song.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
The Lotos-Eaters.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

Be comforted:
Sweet it is to have done the thing one ought,
When fall'n in darker ways.
The Princess.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May.

In Memoriam.

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung
many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

The Poet's Song.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

The Day-Dream.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



MAY THIRTIETH

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

In Memoriam.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam.



JUNE

JUNE FIRST

Ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Will.

JUNE SECOND

I said, "The years with change advance:
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance."

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE THIRD

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain;
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
The Miller's Daughter.

JUNE FOURTH

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a Hand that guides.
The Princess.

JUNE FIFTH

Every day hath its night:
Every night its morn:
Thorough dark and bright
Wingèd hours are borne;
Ah! welaway!
Seasons flower and fade;
Golden calm and storm
Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
Doth not cast a shade—
Ah! welaway!

Song.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE SIXTH

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
In Memoriam.

JUNE SEVENTH

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.
The Two Voices.

JUNE EIGHTH

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice.
To——.

JUNE NINTH

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE TENTH

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years.
The Princess.

JUNE ELEVENTH

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.
In Memoriam.

JUNE TWELFTH

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:
Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong;
By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowish river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE THIRTEENTH

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.
In Memoriam.

JUNE FOURTEENTH

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.
"Love Thou Thy Land."

JUNE FIFTEENTH

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their
King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her.

Guinevere.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE SIXTEENTH

But were I loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee?

Sonnets.

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.

The Princess.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

In Memoriam.

JUNE NINETEENTH

Nor stranger seem'd that hearts
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

The Princess.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE TWENTIETH

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

In Memoriam.

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

The Lotos-Eaters.

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.
"Love Thou Thy Land."

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

The quick lark's closest-carolled strains,
The shadow rushing up the sea,
The lightning-flash atween the rains,
The sunlight driving down the lea,
The leaping stream, the very wind,
That will not stay, upon his way,
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,
Is not so clear and bold and free
As you, my falcon Rosalind.

Rosalind.

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.
The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd:
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade.
The Gardener's Daughter.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Brief is life, but love is long.

The Princess.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Her court was pure; her life serene;

God gave her peace; her land reposed;

A thousand claims to reverence closed

In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

To the Queen.

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and ruth
That roar beneath; unshaken peace hath won
thee:

So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth;

So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee;

So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,

An honourable eld shall come upon thee.

Sonnet.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

Cry, faint not: either Truth is born

Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,

Or in the gateways of the morn.

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JUNE THIRTIETH

O living will that shall endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

In Memoriam.



JULY

JULY FIRST

“All the years invent ;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

“Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Tho’ watching from a ruin’d tower
How grows the day of human power?”
The Two Voices.

JULY SECOND

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order’d, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.
The Day-Dream.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY THIRD

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

In Memoriam.

JULY FOURTH

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Maud.

JULY FIFTH

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the
strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd
forehead of the fool!

Locksley Hall.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY SIXTH

The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily.

The Princess.

JULY SEVENTH

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

The Two Voices.

JULY EIGHTH

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

In Memoriam.

JULY NINTH

Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and
find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.

Sea Dreams.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY TENTH

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?

What the life is? where the soul may lie?

Why a church is with a steeple built;

And a house with a chimney pot?

Who will riddle me the how and the what?

Who will riddle me the what and the why?

The "How" and the "Why."

JULY ELEVENTH

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,

"These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,

Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.

A deeper tale my heart divines."

The Two Voices.

JULY TWELFTH

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,

I heard a voice "believe no more"

And heard an ever-breaking shore

That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt

The freezing reason's colder part,

And like a man in wrath the heart

Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY THIRTEENTH

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
The Princess.

JULY FOURTEENTH

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
“*Break, break, break.*”

JULY FIFTEENTH

All is change, woe or weal;
Joy is Sorrow's brother;
Grief and gladness steal
Symbols of each other:
Ah! welaway!
Larks in heaven's cope
Sing: the culvers mourn
All the livelong day.
Be not all forlorn:
Let us weep in hope—
Ah! welaway!

Song.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY SIXTEENTH

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat.
In Memoriam.

JULY SEVENTEENTH

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers.
"Love Thou Thy Land."

JULY EIGHTEENTH

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight
plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.
A Dream of Fair Women.

JULY NINETEENTH

Break, break break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
"Break, break, break."

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY TWENTIETH

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain.
Elaine.

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad
stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The Gardener's Daughter.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

Maud.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY TWENTY-THIRD

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.

In Memoriam.

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

Love is hurt with jar and fret.

Love is made a vague regret.

The Miller's Daughter.

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

Vivien.

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

Maud.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame
Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
Offered to gods upon an altarthrone.
To —.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.
Sir Galahad.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



JULY THIRTIETH

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Crossing the Bar.

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Crossing the Bar.



AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
The Day-Dream.

AUGUST SECOND

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST THIRD

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

In Memoriam.

AUGUST FOURTH

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!

The Lotos-Eaters.

AUGUST FIFTH

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.

Isabel.

AUGUST SIXTH

Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!

Maud.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST SEVENTH

No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

In Memoriam.

AUGUST EIGHTH

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by

 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott.

AUGUST NINTH

Love is and was my King and Lord,
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep
 Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
 That moves about from place to place,
 And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST TENTH

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem'd the whisper at my side.
The Two Voices.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

My hope and heart is with thee.
Sonnet to J. M. K.

AUGUST TWELFTH

A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
The Gardener's Daughter.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST THIRTEENTH

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

The Brook.

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
"Break, break, break."

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.
To J. S.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

To J. S.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

In Memoriam.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet wood-
land ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace
be my lot.

Maud.

AUGUST TWENTIETH

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

Maud.

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

God fulfils Himself in many ways.

Morte d'Arthur.

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

A grief not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we
Are built, and smile in calm, and say—
“These little motes and grains shall be
Clothed on with immortality
More glorious than the noon of day.”

Supposed Confessions.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Love reflects the thing beloved.

In Memoriam.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Maud.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

In thy wisdom make me wise.

In Memoriam.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

What profit lies in barren faith
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death?

In Memoriam.

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change.

Supposed Confessions.

AUGUST THIRTIETH

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighbourhood
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not
square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds
fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white wil-
lows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The "How" and the "Why."

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!
In Memoriam.

SEPTEMBER SECOND

Though Night hath climbed her peak of high-
est noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn whirl,
All night through archways of the bridgèd
pearl,
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony,
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.
Sonnet.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER THIRD

'Twere better not to breathe or speak,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.

The Two Voices.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Hold thou the good: define it well.

In Memoriam.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Heaven weeps above the earth all night till
morn,

In darkness weeps, as all ashamed to weep,
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn
With self-wrought evils of unnumbered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonour reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,
And showering down the glory of lightsome
day,

Smiles on the earth's worn brow to win her if
she may.

The Tears of Heaven.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER SIXTH

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days.

The Lotos-Eaters.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Half fearful that, with self at strife
I take myself to task;
Lest of the fullness of my life
I leave an empty flask.

Will Waterproof's Monologue.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.

The Princess.

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm
And in its season bring the law.

"Love Thou Thy Land."

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER TENTH

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.
"Love Thou Thy Land."

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Maud.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.
The Golden Year.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul.

Morte d'Arthur.

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of fallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter
 roofs

The headlands with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood.

Timbuctoo.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

The Gardener's Daughter.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath
not set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my
fancy yet.

Locksley Hall.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

In Memoriam.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can
tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

Maud.

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

All good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wandered into other ways;
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise,
But life is full of weary days.

To——.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and
chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Guinevere.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness: I have filled thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of
heaven,
Man's first, last home.

Timbuctoo.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

“O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which filled the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling
winds,
And odors rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogged with dull mortality:
Open thine eyes and see.”

Timbuctoo.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with
stones:

But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.

The Two Voices.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

In Memoriam.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.

Margaret.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of
prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

St. Simeon Stylites.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see.

Timbuctoo.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON

OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

God bless thee.

The Miller's Daughter.

OCTOBER SECOND

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood—
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth, and
crown'd with all her flowers.

*Ode Sung at the Opening of the
International Exhibition, 1862.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER THIRD

How sweet to have a common faith!

To hold a common scorn of death!

Supposed Confessions.

OCTOBER FOURTH

The sun, the moon, the Stars, the seas, the hills
and the plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who
reigns?

The Higher Pantheism.

OCTOBER FIFTH

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess.

OCTOBER SIXTH

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER SEVENTH

The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

The Lotos-Eaters.

OCTOBER EIGHTH

This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God
hath now
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.

St. Simeon Stylites.

OCTOBER NINTH

Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith he was
thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea:—
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.

Sonnet.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER TENTH

Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart.

The Miller's Daughter.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-
world,

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

The Princess.

OCTOBER TWELFTH

You cast to ground the hope which once was
mine;

But did the while your harsh decree deplore,
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and was no
more.

So on an oaken sprout

A goodly acorn grew;

But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,
And filled the cup-with dew.

Lost Hope.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise.

In Memoriam.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet.

The Higher Pantheism.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.

The Lady of Shalott.

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
The Lotos-Eaters.

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast:
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The "How" and the "Why."

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves; or set apart
Their motions and their brightness from the
stars,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:
In that I live I love.
The Lover's Tale.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER TWENTIETH

The man should make the hour, not this the man.

Queen Mary, Act II, Sc. 2.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

So much the gathering darkness charm'd: we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man: the walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls
 whoop'd,

And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

The Princess.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip;

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste;
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

Love is and was my Lord and King.
In Memoriam.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

“Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart.”

Sea Dreams.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

In Memoriam.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

Ulysses.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Sir Galahad.

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Because I love
I live: whate'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
Our God unknits the riddle of the one,
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

The Lover's Tale.

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



OCTOBER THIRTIETH

Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory,
Thy spirit, circled with a living glory.

Sonnet.

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Each sun which from the centre flings
Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
The murm'rous planets' rolling choir,
The globe-filled arch that, cleaving air,
Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare
And thunder through the sapphire deeps
In wayward strength, are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

Chorus.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

All things have rest, and ripen toward the
grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease.
The Lotos-Eaters.

NOVEMBER SECOND

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

Song.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER THIRD

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.
In Memoriam.

NOVEMBER FOURTH

The winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the wingèd sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, "We are free."
We are Free.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining wingèd powers,
Show'd me vast cliffs with crown of towers.

As towards the gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

Stanzas.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER SIXTH

Love the gift is Love the debt.
The Miller's Daughter.

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.
Supposed Confessions.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things.
Ulysses.

NOVEMBER NINTH

Fly, happy happy sails and bear the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.
The Golden Year.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER TENTH

But, sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have: and
still

The same old sore breaks out from age to age
With much the same result.

Walking to the Mail.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be.

The Princess.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.

Margaret.

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

To-night the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies.

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

Again the voice spake unto me:
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Not any train of reason keep:
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."
The Two Voices.

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Go forth . . .
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king
Far in the spiritual city.
The Holy Grail.

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge—that my love
Grew with myself—say rather, was my growth,
My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to my daily life and daily death:
For how should I have lived and not have loved?
The Lover's Tale.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Sea Dreams.

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world.
In Memoriam.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
The Lotos-Eaters.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.
The Two Voices.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?
Maud.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

They said that Love would die when Hope was
gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after
Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with
Hope
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.
The Lover's Tale.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move.

The Golden Year.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A Farewell.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

Maud.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.

The Miller's Daughter.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

And the parson made it his text that week, and
he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the black-
est of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and
fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
matter to fight.

The Grandmother's Apology.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not
speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

Sea Dreams.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

How should Earthly measure mete
The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Unto the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
And flowing odor of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes them?
Sooner Earth
Might go round Heaven, and the straight girth
of Time
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.
The Lover's Tale.



DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."
In Memoriam.

DECEMBER SECOND

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago.
Nothing Will Die.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER THIRD

Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an un-
seen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others
ever succeed?

Maud.

DECEMBER FOURTH

For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me
good:

But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

Guinevere.

DECEMBER FIFTH

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Enid.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER SIXTH

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the
deep

Moans round with many voices.

Ulysses.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER NINTH

“Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,”
said he;
“And all things work together for the good.”

Sea Dreams.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON

DECEMBER TENTH

You are the evening star, always
Remaining betwixt dark and bright.
Margaret.

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.
The Miller's Daughter.

DECEMBER TWELFTH

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
The Princess.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

Ulysses.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

The day, the diamonded night,
The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
The herald lightning's starry bound,
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,
The hoarhead winter paving earth
With sheeny white, are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

Chorus.

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies.
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen.
I hate the spites and the follies.

On a Spiteful Letter.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here
for an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at
a brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are a little
breed.

Maud.

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Remember him who led your hosts ;
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe—
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Ode on the Death of

The Duke of Wellington.

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire ;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
And the thought of á man is higher.

The Voice and the Peak.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER NINETEENTH

Nature, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.
On a Mourner.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
When wealth no more shall rest in mounded
heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year.
The Golden Year.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day.
Forever nobler ends.
In Memoriam.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
That standest high above all?
“I am the voice of the Peak,
I roar and rave for I fall.”

A voice below the voice,
And a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.
The Voice and the Peak.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
In Memoriam.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
*A Welcome to the Duke and
Duchess of Edinburgh.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The birth of Christ.

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.

Enid.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

In Memoriam.

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

The Golden Year.

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

The Death of the Old Year.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH TENNYSON



DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

1865-1866.

God, which ever lives and loves—
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

In Memoriam.

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